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764 Kwoma culture defines the persons who shall dispose of and mourn for the dead. The relatives of the deceased gather to place his body on a platform where it is exposed for several months. Then the members of the subtribe attend a second funeral, for the ceremonial disposal of the bones, and a feast, after which the adult males celebrate the end of the mourning period at the house tamberan with gong, flute, and dance.

571 These, then, are the variously constituted groups and categories of persons as defined by Kwoma culture. They provide the framework into which a child is born and in terms of which he has to learn to act.

114 The hamlet in which our house was built, and hence the 621 one from which we gathered most of our information, is 361 called Rumbima. It is situated on a mountain ridge near the 614 geographical center of Hongwam subtribe. (See map.) The 613 men of Rumbima claim descent from the giant fish hawk and 773 hence belong to the *Hayamakwo* sib. They divide themselves into two lineages, the larger claiming descent from the culture hero Mangwiyow, and the smaller from Wasahof.

621 Mangwiyow is reputed to have had five sons, each of whom 613 sired a family line. Our house was built among the dwellings 592 of the living descendants of these five brothers. The oldest [114] living male in the line whose houses were nearest us was [595] named Wof (household 1, family line 2).[18] He dwelt a few [597] yards from our hut with his first wife Kaya, his levirate wife Chinuwa, his adopted son Mey (a nephew), his adopted daughter Buka (a niece), and his stepson Kum (Chinuwa's [154] son by her former husband). Wof is a man of about forty-five[19] whose skin is grey and scaly from tinea. He has the reputation of being a powerful sorcerer.

621 592 Adjacent to Wof's house is the rather dilapidated dwell-

[18] Households are presented both on the map and on the household chart. Family lines may be found on the lineage chart.

[19] Since the Kwoma had no method of counting years, the ages given are [305] rough approximations based on the physical appearance of the individual [177] and on his estimated age at the time of the tribe's first fleeting contact with [113] Europeans, the members of the Behrmann expedition of 1913. (See W. Behrmann, *Im Stromgebiet des Sepik* [Berlin, 1922].)

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869 with impunity, it would be extremely dangerous for children and women to be near the scene. In fact, a child is told that he would die if he entered the house tamberan at the time of a ceremony. Cases are cited to the children of women and children who had joined the men at this time either willfully
• [534] or by mistake and who had died as a result. The initiated tell the children that the gongs, trumpets, flutes, water drums, and bull roarers that they hear at the time of a ceremony are the voices of the *marsalai* who are present. Hints that these are man-made sounds come seeping down from adolescents and the careless remarks of adults, so that the child has a fairly accurate knowledge of the ceremonies before he ever participates in one. Despite his scepticism about the origin of the sounds, he nevertheless is awed whenever a ceremony takes place, and takes care not to venture near the scene. Furthermore, he takes care not to reveal to the adults that he has any suspicion of what really goes on.

869 796 Despite a child's awe of these meetings of the yam cult, he senses the excitement which prevails in the whole subtribe before a ceremony takes place and eagerly looks forward to the time when he will be old enough to attend them. He hears his father, *uncles*, and *older brothers* talk excitedly about the coming event, he sees them carefully paint their faces, comb their hair, don their best ornaments, and depart for the house tamberan. Then he hears the rhythmic harmonies of the gong orchestra, the high-pitched shouting of the singers, and the weird and plaintive flute melodies. These thrilling sounds burst out sporadically during the whole day, increase in tempo and intensity as night falls, and continue unabated as long as he stays awake. Stimulated by these events,
[859] Kwoma boys make toy gongs from bamboo nodes and try to imitate the gong rhythms; they hum mimicries of the ceremonial songs; and they form miniature groups to practice the shuffling dance steps. Since they are not supposed to know these things, they do them in their forest playhouse or at times when there are no adults present.

869 789 Parents and older siblings also warn a child not to trespass in another person's garden lest he break out with boils. They

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882 794 533 eral months, he is given some instruction in gong beating and flute playing, so that he may show his prowess at the coming initiation. Most of the time, however, he watches those who have already been initiated, but who have not yet fully mastered the techniques, practice the complicated rhythms, and then tries to copy them.

882 796 794 776 [534] [302] On the day of the ceremony, the beating of the house tamberan gongs begins early in the morning. Meanwhile, the boy who is to be initiated prepares himself for the event. He carefully combs his hair and paints his face in the prescribed manner. About mid-morning he is led near the house tamberan by his sponsor,[28] who warns him that when he enters the building he will see the *marsalai*, who will be on an altar in the center of the dance floor. The sponsor especially warns the initiate not to look up at the altar too quickly lest the shock kill him. The lad is then left waiting with other boys who are to be initiated while the sponsor goes to tell the men already there that the initiates are about to appear. At this, the gongs, flute playing, and singing cease abruptly, and the men prepare to produce special sound effects to impress the initiates. The sponsor returns for his initiate and leads him up to the house tamberan. A screen of sago fronds hides the inside of the building from view. Gongs and flutes burst into a deafening roar as the initiate is made to stoop and enter an opening in the screen. The sponsor holds the initiate by the arm and dances with him around the altar. The men shout and dance around with them. The gong beaters and flutists play wildly. Someone just outside the house tamberan whirls a bull-roarer, and the sponsor shouts in the boy's ear that its sound is that of the wings of a *marsalai*. For the first two rounds the boy keeps his eyes fixed on the ground; then his sponsor tells him to look up at the altar, where there is a stylized representation of a human head carved from wood and painted with designs in black and white. The boy is told that this too is a hoax, that it is made

[28] I am not sure how a boy's sponsor is determined. In any case, he is a member of the appropriate cult section and of the parental generation.

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A man who has attained high prestige in the community and, in addition, has taken the head of an enemy, is asked to join *Nokwi*, the highest stage of the yam cult, and he thereby receives the greatest honor that a Kwoma man can attain. If he is able to achieve this mark of status, the final mystery of the *marsalai* is unfolded to him. He is told that the booming rhythm that he has always heard at the *Nokwi* ceremony is not the footsteps of the great female *marsalai* in whose honor the ceremony is held, but is a sound made by a huge water drum.[28] A man plants yams for the first time on the occasion of his initiation into *Nokwi* and learns from the cult members how to solicit the aid and coöperation of the *marsalai*, which are believed necessary for a successful yam crop.

The yam cult, in addition to being a mode of ranking men in accordance with their attainments and of providing a means of gaining the support of the *marsalai*, is the primary institution for artistic expression. It has been shown how the child secretly learns to play the gongs, to sing, and to dance, and how during adolescence he is formally taught these skills, first in the bush house and later at the house tamberan. During adulthood men vie with one another in demonstrating their accomplishments in these artistic techniques. A man who is superior in one or more of them gains high praise from the community; people speak of him as a *harafa ma malaka*. At the beginning of each ritual the participants examine the carved wooden figures on the altar and comment on their excellence, those who have made them standing by to receive the praise. Men who are adept at carving may expend considerable time and effort fashioning and painting the formalized wooden heads and figures which are supposed to represent the *marsalai* of the cult, in order to have them so displayed.

Men who show a talent for gong beating have the opportunity during the cult ceremonies to play the most sophisticated rhythms in the orchestra, and those who excel in com-

[28] The water drum is a hollowed log shaped like a canoe, truncated at both ends, suspended in water so that the lips are submerged, and beaten by a pole wielded by two men.

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in shouted choruses while they dance. The men of prestige sing the verses. One man will sing as many verses as he can either remember or compose and then announce that he is through by repeating the chorus, when another man continues. When no one can think of any more verses, the group dances silently until someone starts a new song. The man who can remember the most verses or who is most adept at improvising them gains considerable prestige.

Novices are not permitted to play the flutes during a ceremony, as this requires considerable skill. A pair of those who have learned one of these complicated melodies as a result of long, guided practice at the bush house are called upon to play the flutes when the ceremony calls for them. They stand facing one another each with a flute cradled over the left arm. One plays the big "male" flute, a large bamboo about seven feet long, and the other plays a "female" flute, slightly shorter and of smaller diameter.[27] Since these instruments have no stops and are therefore capable of producing only a few notes, the melodies are arranged so that the two flutes are played in series, thus permitting double the range of variation that would be possible if they were played in unison. This necessitates close coöperation between the two players, which apparently requires a great deal of practice to accomplish, and those who master it are rewarded with high praise.

The man of Rumbima hamlet who had gained most renown in the cult ceremonies was War. He could dance tirelessly though not brilliantly, he could lead a gong chorus, he was a skilled wood carver, and he could compete with anyone in the subtribe in remembering the verses of songs. The other men of Rumbima did not vie much with War, but put him forward as their champion against the high-ranking men of other hamlets. When a ceremony was given at Rumbima, it would be War who would arrange and direct it.

Even after a man has experienced the whole gamut of initiation rites, he still avoids the dwelling places of *marsalai*

[27] The "male" flute is about three inches in diameter; the "female," about two.

796
532 and told to whom they belonged. The two large ones belonged respectively
[123] to the "tultul" and the "lulual" (pidgin for the native government repre
sentative and the village head man). We exclaimed over them and told them
they were "number one".

796 While we were being shown the figures a dance was in progress around
535 the alter. About half of the natives there were shambling around it,
[533] sometimes stepping from side to side in time to the beating of the gongs
[534] and sometimes merely walking, depending on whether or not the spirit moved
them. Sometimes everyone would be dancing; at all times at least two
of them were. The step was a sort of springy goose step, the beat emphasized
with a pause by the down-treading on one foot with the other in the air.
The raised foot was sometimes brought across in front of the other one, and
sometimes behind. In either case, the toes were pointed outward, and the
raised foot scraped along the ground. Coincident with the stepping, the
[415] body was twisted from side to side, particularly the shoulders. Practically
[276] all of the men held their betel gourds under their left arms and were
constantly dipping the spatulas in and sucking on them. Occasionally one
of the dancers would pick up a net bag (empty except for a withe inserted
around its edge to make it stiff and fanlike), hold it above his head
either in one or both hands, and twist it back and forth in harmony with
the contortions of his body. The dancers would drop in and out of the dance
at will, have a rest, smoke, take their turn at beating the gongs, and then
return.

796 For clothes, the older men wore nothing except arm and leg bands
291 (and not all of them wore these); necklaces of dogs' teeth; shell; hair
301 ornaments of feathers and combs; or a combination of these. Most of the
"finish timers" were laplaps or shorts; one of them wore a laplap over his

796 usual costume of an old bathing suit. The faces of practically all of
291 them were smeared with black paint, particularly on their eyebrows, and in
301 lines on their forehead. On some a narrow line of black was drawn along
[302] the hairline, framing the face.

796 In time to the dancing and the beating of the gongs, a chant was sung.
533 One of the dancers would start a short verse sung in a high monotone. It was spoken very rapidly, and I could not take it down very well. One verse sounded like yagwuligwuligwuligo. At the end of the verse everyone shouted in chorus wawa or awa, with a prolongation and accent on the first syllable. It was shouted on a lower note than the verse; the second syllable was even lower than the first. After two or three verses, there was a longer chorus which started with awa sung twice, followed by a sort of chant of wahowaho, dadohoho, or hahohowa that was sung on a higher note than those with the vowel "o". After this longer chorus, they would lapse into silence for a moment, and the gongs would stop beating; but usually after only a few seconds, someone would start another song. After one person had started a verse, the others would join in. Some people were dancing almost constantly, more fervently than others; everyone, however, participated at some time.

796 There were six large gongs (logs) ranging from about eight feet long
534 and two feet in diameter, to half that size, lying around the sides of the house. The logs had been hollowed out in roughly the same manner as a canoe although the shell was much thicker, and usually only one end was pointed and carved. The slit on top was about six inches wide and about
[532] three quarters the length of the log. The carving was a rough representation of a crocodile. The beaters were round pieces of wood about a foot long

796 and four inches in diameter. They were not ornamented. The usual method
534 of beating the gong was to stand at right angles to it, the right side of the body next to the gong, a beater held in either hand. The gong was pounded near, but on either side of the slit, the beater striking endwise. This method was, however, by no means universal, for sometimes the drummer would stand facing the gong, or sit on it and idly tap with the side of the beater. The most usual and accepted method was the former; the latter the most informal. There were also several intermediate methods.

796 The rhythm consisted of accented beats and unaccented beats in alter-
533 nation. At each gong one of the drummers would pound out the accented, another the unaccented beats. Further, each gong would produce the rhythm of one accented and three unaccented beats. These beats were alternated among the gongs so that the accented beat of one gong would fall on the middle unaccented beat of another gong. Thus -/---/---/--- and ---/---/---/ would result in -/-/-/-/, (total effect). The rhythm of the gongs was more or less followed by the singers and dancers. This rhythm was not the only one employed, and Tip says that even it is not right. That is something we will have to check up on.

796 We stayed there and observed until just before noon. The dancing
123 and singing had been continuous until this time and then the dancers stopped for something to eat. We all went out into the small clearing in front of the house tamberan. In front of us was a line of coconut trees and beyond that a short drop, and then the sago swamp. On our left was a path coming down the mountain, and on the right, jungle growth. In the left
349 hand corner of the clearing and on the further side from where we stood another construction had been built. It was a representation of a ship with a mast, laddered rattlins, and crabclaw sails represented by two

796 Finally everyone joined in and the o wi was repeated three times. After about
533 ten more minutes of this, the tempo increased and a wierd rumbling sound was
534 made by the beaters of the drums being scraped inside the lips of the gongs.
Then the dancers picked up flutes and blew them, and bull roarers were whirred
just outside the house tamberan. One man made a wierd sound by blowing a flute
inside one of the gongs. All these various sounds gradually increased in
intensity to produce a very effective climax which was capped by the sudden
beating of the gongs and a shuffling dance and chorus similar to the previous
session of the singsing. The verses were still being sung in alternation by
[177] the lulual and the people on the opposite side of the screen. It was interesting
that one of the dancers had a ten cent store tin flute which he piped very
seriously while dancing and skipping about. Several of the dancers held their
hands above their heads and kept facing one or another of the masks and gazing
at it very intently.

123 During the dancing one of the "savvy talks" came and sat by us, told us not
796 to tell the "kiop" (Verey) where the three Waskuks who had run away from a
648 plantation were hiding. Verey had tried to get them when he came up with us, but
they 'went bush' and stayed there. I suppose some of them were at the singsing
and were afraid of being told on. We assured the "savvy talk" that we would not
give them away. We told him that we did not belong to the government but that
we belonged to the Waskuk. Tip said he was a Bangus and that I was a Waskuk.* This
pleased them very much and soon it was repeated to everyone.

796 Again, as for the previous ceremony, at about noontime they stopped for
264 food. There were two separate meals; one was of yams and coconuts, and the
262 other sago, grubs and pig. There seemed to be some kind of taboo working which
prevented some people from eating one meal and others the second. Some people,

* It is difficult to guess what was understood by this since Bangus was a neighboring hamlet in contrast to Rambins, the one in which we lived, whereas Waskuk was the name of the tribe; we were under the impression at this time that Bangus was the name of another tribe.

765 Yesterday while John worked with Yat on sib history I went over the mountain to Wanyabunkura where the final burial of a man's second wife was being held. It was a cheerful gathering in marked contrast to the primary funeral of a Bangus man written of before. The ceremony has been going on for three days-- preparation of food by the women, breaking down the burial platform and burying the skeleton under the eves of her husband's house, etc., beating the gongs and blowing the flutes in the house tamberan by the initiated men. Much of this had gone on before we were told of the event. It was ten months to a year ago that the woman died.

In the morning a crowd of 50 or 60 men, women and children are gathered [124] at the widower's house. My informant and interpreter is Kar, of Rumbina, who has been up all night beating gongs. He is sleepy and hungry but is very [123] good at pointing out what is going on. The widower, Yafamangwiya, greets me cordially and dubs me naramboy. He sits on the ground just before his house. The porch is packed with women and girls all sitting and waiting for food to [262] be distributed. Men are busy laying out boiled sago bricks and pieces of roast pig on large breadfruit leaves. Yafamangwiya points out to me most of his relations and what he calls them-- also what I am to call them, until my [262] head is spinning. Then he leaves me to give his ruwe (niece, in this case) a bite of sago, thus breaking the taboo which has been placed on boiled sago for this and other relations.

After each of the women has received two or three parcels of food amidst a hubub of advice from these men who are not taking part in the distribution, the party breaks up. The women and children return home while the men and [533] [534] semi-initiated boys run for the house tamberan to "fight the garamut" and blow the flutes. This is done, I am told, because the men are sorry for the woman who is dead. But they are all having a wonderful time expressing their

745 sorrow. Six gongs ranging in size from 4' to 10' to 12' are beaten with
533 tremendous vim. Each man has two strikers, one in either hand. With the
534 left they keep up a light and rapid beat while with the right they pound out the changes according to a prearranged score. From the discussions and hummings which go on before a round is played , I think that these may be made up on the spur of a new idea. The pair of flutes, on the other hand, plays duets which are stereotyped. Two duets that I have , rather simple ones, are said to represent the flying fox and a small white pigeon.

As for recording the garamut 'talk' and beating of the hand drums, we are at a loss as to how to record them. The rhythm seems like no rhythm at all and even when it is tapped out on a table we soon get lost in a mass of short, long and intermediate beats.

124 Our houseboys are serving as occasional informants so that we can get some sort of a comparative picture. John has done some work on language and I have a kinship system of sorts. The boys are not too long on memory but
114 their wives are better informed. We are going to Yambon for a few days just before Christmas to trace down various connections with that culture which we have come across here. There are three or four other places around and about which we hope to visit. We have a plan which might be valuable to other field workers who might consider coming to New Guinea. This is to gather all the information that we can about places and cultures of this section of the Territory where work could be done. Mr. Eve gave us a good start with all that he knew at first hand.

461 We find so far that it is well nigh impossible to make appointments with informants. This is not because the men are lazy and sit about all day-- on the contrary they strike us as being an exceedingly industrious people. Too much so for the arm chair field worker. But then it's all to the good to board them in their own dens if we can find them at home.

794 The word sugilawas which John spoke of before seems to be a horn of
[124] plenty for information although we are far from ready to define it. Through talking of it we found out that there are three (?, groups, or something) named yenengare, minjame, and nokwisugwi which are sugilawas "true". These seem to be male secret societies which function at ceremonies and which sometimes have ceremonies of their own. The first two of these we know to have emblems, small wooden figures and face masks, and large face masks respectively. How membership is determined in the first two is still a question. From the few cases we have it seems that if a man is in yenengare his first son will be minjame, his second yenengare, etc. But there also seems to be movement upwards as if they were based on age grades. Nokwisugwi seems to stand considerably above the other two. Men of our own age are not allowed in it. Payment of pig and possibly other foods is necessary for admission.

After tomorrow we will be able to tell more of this last group for we are to be allowed to attend a ceremony of this kind now underway in the
[534] Abegalis sib. A wooden trumpet has been blown down there for the last two days. No attention is supposed to be paid to it and only initiates are supposed to
[562] know what is taking place. Our house"monkis" however tell us in whispers that it is a singsing for maris, that all the wives goes out into the bush while
[534] the men "work something" in the house tamberan. Later on they go out and round up the women and then furiously beat a water drum made of a small canoe.
123 We feel duty bound to go out and shoot a couple of pigs now. Our progress through these grades of prestige has been unprecedented, I am sure. If we can only make the good-will that we have gained pay dividends in facts we should have something to show when we are through.

126 I am rather disappointed in the possibilities for photography here. I don't like to risk smashing my Leica when I'm stumbling about in the bush,

126 and the men are averse to having pictures taken of their more esoteric ceremonies. Some of the women had a "cross" on with me a while ago for taking a lot of photos of their trading with Yambon. They seem to have a sense of shame at their nakedness.

Developing our negatives is a risky business. By rising before six we can usually get our solutions to 70°F. But once we start to develop, we are at the mercy of the weather. If a mist sets in, it is likely to last all morning so that is takes an entire day for the negatives to dry as they should.

(Again Tip).

796 December 17th, 1936./The nokwi sugwi which we attended a week ago today was a banner occasion. We had heard it called, in pidgin, "singsing bilong mari", so we were ready for anything up to ceremonial rape. The morning was cold and rainy and only a few men were at the house tamberan beating the huge gong. We had arranged to go down to Abagalie with War, but we had [302] to wait about half an hour while he 'dressed'. This consisted of smearing [301] his body with a sticky oil, drawing a black band with charcoal around the hair line of his face, carefully painting his face with ochre powder, putting on broad shell-washer arm bands and a tiny rope of shells across the forehead, and finally sticking a bird of paradise 'duster' in his hair.

During this process we talked with War's brothers who are "finish-timers" of our age. These lads are still too young to go to this ceremony. What the qualifications are we do not know, but have an idea that the members [417] fulfill the homicide qualification. When we arrived at Abagalie we found that a high fence of sago fronds had been erected around the clearing at the north end of the house tamberan. Near the center was a 10' x 3' pit dug in the ground and half filled with water. In the water suspended by [534] both ends was what we will call a water gong. It is made of the good

796 [534] sized trunk of a tree hollowed out and open at both ends. It is hung bottom up in the water and struck with a long heavy post wielded by two men.

The outline of another similar pit which has been filled in was seen beside the one now in use. This I was told had leaked badly. The new one has to be filled from any of several bamboo containers stuck under the 'banif' quite often.

[346] [778] In the house tamberan there is the same altar set up in the center with a small amount of shell money, two stubby bamboo flutes, and a wooden [538] [532] trumpet on top. Above it rises a 3' carved wooden figure of a woman. This is the woman for whom the ceremony is held. There is also a secondary [614] figure under the water drum less important than the one on the altar. These two are sugiliwas of the tug sib (Bangus).

Between 30 and 40 men are present when we arrive in the early afternoon. [535] [533] [534] They are singing and half-walking, half-dancing around the water gong counter-clockwise. The gong keeps up a steady boom-boom-boom with few interruptions even when new beaters relieve those who are tired. The men drop out from time to time to smoke or to chat so that no more than half are dancing while we are there. Later on in the evening we are told this is not so; everyone is dancing almost continuously. But the sun was hot and there were still many men to come, so it was being taken easily. Men from all of the Hoonwem sibs are present and also a few men of Koriasi and [703] [178] [554] Koriasi Tangwishamp. Only four of these were "savi talks". These four, however, were the regalia of a homicide which seems to point to the fact that killing for prestige still goes on in spite of government prohibitions. [726] These men may have won their letter in the prearranged fight with a small hamlet of Koriasi about three years ago. Six of the latter, four of them women and children, were killed then. (We haven't got this story straight yet for we have only recently stumbled on it).

OOO yet for we have only recently stumbled on it).

796 While John was joining in and trying to learn the dance step and songs
123 (which amused but did not anger the men) I sat in the house tamberan with
534 the older men and those not dancing and tried my skill with the wooden
trumpets. These are blown sporadically as are the flutes, and as the
[177] ordinary gongs are beaten. The trumpets have an interesting history. They
were captured from men from Avatip (on the Sepik below Malu) by the
grandfathers of the present older generation. They are finely carved wooden
cornucopias with a crocodile head motif at the closed end. The lip-piece
is on the side. I blew it quite easily the first time, but the men seem
[614] to make very hard work of it. The trumpets are now in the custody of
Rumbima sib.

796 In the late afternoon the men began to drop out to ornament themselves
in earnest. One man joined the dance with a man-killing spear, and the
[123] others increased the tempo. At about this time we began to get the feeling
that we were not wanted much longer, so when a couple of the men picked up
the two brace of yams and coconuts which had been given us, we took the hint
and headed for home.

128 These bare outlines of what we are doing and finding are becoming less
and less satisfactory. We know that it's the details that interest the
anthropologist, but to record all of same in this would be too long a task.
So we will skip over many of our notes on the last ceremony and become
796 impressionistic. At those ceremonies which we have seen so far, there
[171] has been nothing to compare with the amounts of food assembled for
Melanesian and Polynesian feasts. Everyone has a good meal and perhaps
a little left over, but one pig is made to go a long way. Another thing
which has struck us is the monotony of their singsings. There seems to be

412 [492] The stone adze is the most all-important tool and is usually carried about over the shoulder wherever a man may go. Other tools are a hafted hardwood pestle for crushing sago pith, pig's tooth scrapers and engraver, 323 bird bone needle, bamboo knife, coconut shell dipper, etc. Pottery is made 286 by the coiled method without kick. Net bags are made from bark string. There is 285 no basketry. A rectangular engraved wooden shield or an oval pigskin 714 shield is used in war. A pointed bamboo spear is used for hunting both 411 heads and pigs, the cassowary bone dagger for a hand to hand struggle.

291 301 Clothing for both sexes is nil. Ornaments consist of feathered plumes, bamboo combs, nose plugs of dogs teeth or bamboo, shell necklaces, and plaited leg and arm bands.

304 Both sexes have their ear lobes pierced but not extended, and the septum pierced. The alae of men are usually pierced in addition. Both sexes are cicitrized with a bamboo knife, the men have two half moons cut just above each nipple, the women a circular design around the navel. [881] (Boys are initiated into manhood by having their tongues and penises slashed.)

836 584 The only restriction to premarital sexual intercourse is that it is carried on as a sort of intrigue unknown to the parents. The girl takes the initiative in this as she does in the proposal of marriage. (This does not include infant betrothal which takes place in only part of the marriages).

848 847 845 In the case of an illegitimate birth, the child is adopted or killed. One of twins or a monstrosity meets the same fate.../There is bride price, patrilocal 583 591 611 595 marriage, patrilineal decent, polygyny.

794 There is a cult of all adult men, whose esoteria are carved and painted figures, the blowing of sacred flutes and the beating of gongs. There are [532] two progressive stages to this cult. The first step of these is either [534] miniema or yoneme; half the youths being introduced into one, and half into the other, placement being determined partly by patrilineal inheritance and

794 partly by the fact that membership in the two cults is maintained at an
[241] approximate equality. These cults are connected with yams in that the
cults are thought to be essential to the growth of these vegetables, and
[534] they are held two yam plantings apart. The second stage is the nokwi which
[241] introduces mysteries of the water drum to its members. This is also
connected with yams in that the young men are initiated into this only
after they have planted their first yams--itself a sacred rite.

754 Black magic is constantly being practiced and everyone in the culture
is always careful of food leavings and blood which are the two most important
[182] materials for the hands of the operator. This belief is very strongly
[154] integrated in the culture and seems to function in the expression of
aggressions and to offer a readymade explanation of neurotic anxiety.

775 The dfad dwell on the top of a nearby mountain in a topsyturvy
existence. These ghosts chase and frighten people at night but do not kill
them. They sometimes take the form of a bird or animal in the day time.
In particular they hover around a dead man, for their job is to escort him
[764] to the land of the dead. (There is a double funeral, first an exposure
[765] on platform and secondly, burial of bones beneath floor of the house.)

776 There are other types of supernatural creatures who dwell in rocks,
waterholes, etc., in the guise of snakes. They cause wind, rain, thunder,
lightening and the rainbow, and are dangerous to man in that if they are
disturbed they will shoot him with a sago needle which is painful but not
[794] fatal. These beings are associated with the men's cult. The uninitiated
are told that the esoteria are made and operated by these creatures.

. . . . . .

128 This is the bare outline of the culture in itself incomplete. Some of
the interstices and interrelations we have the information to fill in and
others we have not.

578 against Kar for it. Kumb had also accused Kar of "making poison" against
754 Wer and Sewingay. Then he remembered that Kumb had asked him for a half cigarette, and when he had given it to him, he had not smoked it, but only pretended to. He had probably kept it to use for "poison." Kar went on to say that when Kumb came back from the bush, they should settle the matter which had occurred similarly before. He would move up here and build his house near Wof's; he was not going to live near Kumb after this.

648 January 23, 1937. Amas came in this morning and said that Mundik had brought
464 all his stuff (the knives, axes, etc., with which he had been bought by Bob). Mundik had left them at Kumb's house and run back just out of sight up the road. I called out for him to come, that I was not angry with him, and he finally came up rather reluctantly. He was quite worried and scared. Amas explained that Mundik had eaten a pig at Urembanj and had gone crazy because of it. A group of children were all angry with him and yelled at him. He did not answer back, but just looked glum and worried.

443 I passed the market between Tangwishamp and Waynabunkura which is on the little spur which sticks out toward Tangwishamp . The trade has shifted from shells to iron beads, etc. for betel nuts and coconuts.

123 January 28, 1937. Today Gwiyap told me that Kar's sister had returned
114 home from Tangwishamp where she had heard that if we hadn't left at dawn, they would have killed us. I asked Kar that night if he had heard the talk, and he denied it.

763 January 29, 1937. The large drums were beating this morning, and I asked
202 Gwiyap what it was. He said that they were talking to Tangwishamp to come
[534] and have a talk. Sortly thereafter, Kis came up, and I asked him. He said no, that a "lapun meri" was dying and they were calling her relatives

578 Kumb and Kar came up in the evening. Their argument may be over as there is no outward sign of hostility.

578 February 11, 1937. The day before yesterday Tip came back. I heard Wof
231 talking. It seemed Marok and Chimuma had gone to wash sago, and on the way back their dogs had fought; Wof's dog had been pretty well chewed up. Wof had been cross and wanted to know why Marok had not separated them. Awambaka had gone to Marok and told them that Wof was very cross. At this Marok's wife came and told Wof that they were not near the dogs, and Wof said that he wasn't cross but was making up stories. Then he chided Awambaka for talking. He told her that if she did this under other circumstances, it might cause a fight.

754 Last evening at dusk the gongs tolled, and at first they said that an old woman had been sick and that this announced her death. We heard excited shouting, and it turned out that a man had been seen sneaking behind someone's house, obviously looking for sunga (sorcery materials). They had grabbed spears and chased him, and he had run down into the 'sac sac' (sago swamp). They neither caught him nor recognized him. Had they caught him, they would have speared him.

476 In preparation for making a slit gong, Yat obtained food and announced
534 a ceremonial work feast. He called the workers in the morning. First
[574] they went down toward the market place to cut a liana about an inch in diameter and twenty feet long. One of the men, in monkey fashion, climbed
[481] up a tree and cut the top with a big knife. This was carried into the
[313] garden by the side of the road toward Wenyabunkura. A log was cut to the
[284] desired length and shaped. A collar had been left on the pointed end of
[483] the log and in back of this the liana was tied--a single turn and half knot around the stocky part--and slipped down tight. The end of the liana was

476
534 first beaten to make it pliable. The helpers then tied on the tow line
[483] and jerked it along the path with cries of "oya hip!" pulling on the "hip". The workers often hissed as they worked. Several sticks were cut and used as bars to pry the log over roots, etc. If it were running on the side hill, stakes would be stuck up to keep it from rolling down sideways. Yat, Pwisambi, and War did the most work. The job took about three hours from
[262] when it was finished; the workers were paid with boiled sago and roast
[465] pig which Yat's wife had prepared.

342 February 14, 1937. Yesterday afternoon Marok set up the centre post for
335 an extension of his house. He used the same method to move the post as
[483] with a garamut (gong) except that when level ground was reached, the post was carried on the workers' shoulders. Yat, Kar, Mar., Mes, and Gwiyap helped. Kar was slightly annoyed at the lack of manpower in the sib.

The post was for an extension in his new house. The hole for it had been partly dug already, having been carefully put in line with the ridge-pole by extending a bamboo and sticking another upright against it.
[804] The butt of the pole was shaved down a bit so that its diameter did not vary for the distance it was to be underground, and its diameter was measured by wrapping a bamboo splint around it and breaking it at the point of overlap. The hole was widened with this as measure to allow ample space for the pole. Meanwhile Kar was making the kwata mbonka (the joint between post and ridge-pole). To do this the required length of the post was determined by marking on a bamboo the distance between the bottom of the hole and the extension pole. This was marked off on the post, and it was nicked to mark it. It was then cut with an axe-shaped wedge. The faces of the wedge were then concaved with an adze to make a cradle for the ridge pole. This is to keep the wind from blowing it off.

This morning just after dawn Sow went by in a hurry with cuscus fur on his head and carrying two spears. Soon afterward, the gongs at Wenya began the assembly call. This kept up for about fifteen minutes, several gongs going at once and cries of Ha yang. The house boys did not know what it meant. Hay ran down to ask Wof who said that they were beating a "tumket" with Tangwishamp to exchange sugilawas (carved wooden figures). A few minutes later a very high-toned gong sounded, and they all jumped at this and ran out of the house saying that it was the "garamut bilong fight". Wof was coming up the hill and reassured them it was only the 'tumket' for exchange of sugilawas. Later (10:00) we heard distant gongs play the dance rhythm. Nas and Gwiyap said that the meeting of Tangwishamp and Hongwem would take place at Ndowsy house tamberan at Wambanj. (This morning they had said, convincing us it was not a fight, that had it been, there would have been many more people running by with spears. Everybody would have gone).

Afalawanj came in this morning and sold us a clay bird.

February 20, 1937. Tip left three days ago. War and Kar came around in the evening. War had rubbed clay on his forehead which he explained he put there because he was sorry Tip had gone. While they were here someone called out from Wenya. They listened and then went out to where they could hear better. Kamb had come too. The Wenya said that the Tangwishamps were bringing a pig in the next day and wanted to know if Hongwem wanted part of it. Wof joined in the discussion from his house. They decided they didn't want it because the Tangwishamp prices were too high.

The next day in the afternoon the Tangwishamps began drifting in; about a dozen men and women came and stopped in to look at our house. They carried no weapons except an occasional bone dagger or adze. They slept

476
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787 turned his flashlight on her. They told Naab to turn off the light, and then they all (Mar , Chinuwa and Ugangaya) wrenched the stick away from her, dragging her around the floor to do it. After they had gotten it away, she remained lying on the floor and was lifted onto a sago bark bed where she was left. She did not move and was no longer held. Then Marok squatted beside her and began talking to her very quietly and sympathetically asking her what was the matter. She said she was asleep and possessed by a ghost. Marok asked her who the ghost was but got no answer. Then he began listing the possibilities. "Was it so and so, or such and such, or the other?" He got no response. For a long time he got nowhe ; the mosquitoes were eating me up, so I left.

This morning they told me (Mar and Owiyap) that in the evening they had all been at Wof's (Ugangai, Awambaka, Enjya, Chinuwa, Wof and his wife). [276] Awambaka had been chewing betel, and all of a sudden the ghost had taken possession of her. She had shut her eyes, grabbed a stick and began playing about with it. Chinuwa and Ugangai had caught her and held her. Wof had told them to carry her to Mar's house. This they did. I had arrived soon after.

The ghost who had taken possession of her turned out to have been Marok's older brother (deceased). His message was that he was cross at Marok and Mar for cutting his sago. (Mar said that they would not cut it any more.) The general tone of Marok's pumping her was her answering yes [123] or no to his suggestions. The ghost also said he was cross at Wof and Moy, and when I was there, my house was mentioned.

534 February 22, 1937. Mar was down by the house tamberan bilasing Yat's gong. 323 Mar was working headbank and cutting grass by the house tabberan, and Marok was making large pots for his new house. Yat visited in the afternoon.

761 A man of Dunus died this afternoon. He was an old man, so it was
534 taken as a matter of course. There was not much talk about sorcery,
[764] although it was agreed that he died of sunga (poison). Just after sundown, the gongs of all the house tamberans were tolled simultaneously, as a tribute. It was very effective. War and Way tolled the Rumbima gongs.

824 Khiya had brought back the roots of nank, a swamp grown tree with aerial roots. The bark had been removed. She was whipping it against a tree and shredding it, taking out fine strong threads about eight feet long. War stopped in and took one of the roots.

602 I was down at Mar's when Wof began ranting about, and calling for Uka.
578 There was no firewood. Why hadn't she brought it? After scolding her, he gave her a couple of thumps on the back with the flat of his hand which I could hear distinctly. Uka began crying. Khiya, Awambaka and Yawa were angry with Wof for this. Awambaka told me to go up and fight him. Mar and Gwiyap said nothing.

861 Kum broke Gwiyap's belt by playing with it. Gwiyap, Khiya, and Awa began scolding him for it. He was standing just outside the house. They told him to come and get beaten. Kum stood still leaning on a shovel and did not answer or move. Gwiyap did not go after him.

124 I tried to get Awa to give me kinship terms this morning, but she wouldn't despite/half hour's cajoling and threatening. Tonight at her house, she gave them willingly.

586 Memoey came through on the way back from Tangwishamp. He had helped the "finish timers" carry their boxes and had gone to collect pay for his no. 2 wife, Tangwahak who had left him to marry a Tangwishamp. The story is that Memoey beat up his no. 1 wife and no. 2 had run away. When he arrived at Tangwishamp, he found that she and her new husband had gone to Amaki to hide. so he did not get his pay.

123 685 He is old enough to know better. He does not belong to another sib, he belongs to Rumbima--its bad business.)

224 752 Hoel came with his eyes swollen and a big bruise on his forehead. He had tried to shoot a pig, and the spear had somehow bounced back and struck him. Kwalump, War, and the others berated him for trying to shoot a pig because he was too young.

593 578 April 12, 1937. Some people gathered at Wof's last night and talked. There were a couple of loud thumps and then Kaya started wailing. Owiyap said that she was complaining about mosquitoes, and Wof told her to be quiet or she would attract more. She persisted, and Wof hit her across the shoulders with a stave. The loud voices continued for about an hour, then abated and a little later laughter followed; Kaya and Wof laughing the loudest of all.

534 271 Yetiminj, Kar, War, Marok, and Mar are working on a gong. War is the boss worker and is not drinking water or eating hot water until it is finished "so it will come up good."

838 This afternoon Cimpangai came in. The first thing he did was ask where his wife Masamokwat was. All afternoon he played the homosexual game with the house boys.

123 685 Awa came up this afternoon and wanted to know the truth of the Wayakela affair (stealing). I told him, and he said it would be a good thing to "cal-aboose" him because he was a notorious sorcerer, stealing materials here and there and making trouble. May said that Way's wife had threatened to cut a kunda and threatened to beat up the house boys and me tomorrow.

Kar came saying they had talked with Way, and he was going to return the knife.

578 Tonight loud shouting was heard between Wof who was at my house and War at the house tamberan. It was a recurrence of the Yelangu affair. It

578 seems that War wants to kill them, and Wof takes a negative attitude. His garden is next to Yelagu, and if War made a raid, it wouldn't be safe to work there. War then accused Wof of telling the Tug men of War's plans, and thus thwarting his plans because of the close connection between Tug and Yelagu. Wof denied it, and so the argument continues.

114 [378] [136] [576] I went down to Wof's house tonight after supper; people were sitting around the fire burning mosquitoes off their legs with a torch. Wof, who was at the house tamberan called Sin sin sin (greetings) very loudly. Kaya repeated this mockingly.

534 April 13, 1937. Afok and Fokotay are helping with the gong. Wof is conspicuously absent. He says he has to look out for food, and it's not his gong anyway. (Strain over the yelagu affair I think). Way is also absent (due to knife stealing I think). I haven't seen him since I got back.

426

123 863 Chinawe and Kum slept under the mosquito net enclosing the dining work room in my house last night, and Kum wet the floor. Kwiya and Afinok came this morning and were much upset about this, said they were going to spank Kum for it, and helped clean it up.

857 Marok came into the house and pounded Afi on the back a couple of times asking her what she was doing playing about when she should be working, getting firewood, etc. She ran away and down to the house.

224 784 226 [177] Mas is now our shoot boy, as Mamb has quit. Yesterday Mas killed two gouria pigeons and this morning killed another one. Yat told him that he could not eat any. Mas realised that he should not eat them because he had killed them, but Owiyap and Mar said that killing them with a musket was different from killing them with a spear, and that therefore it was all right. Mas was not convinced, however, and this morning he came out with the rationalisation that Mamb had continually missed shots because he had eaten birds he had shot.

863 It turned out later that it was Afi who urinated on the floor, and it was for this that Marok beat her. If a child wets his own bed or defecates in it, it is his own business. He must clean it up. Some disapproval is involved, but not beating or spanking.

857 524 522 831 838 A whole gang of kids came up this afternoon. Some sat inside with me--while others were out kicking a ball. One of them, Kamandu, has an abnormally long penis. Mas and a couple of kids inside began joking about it. Soon it had spread outside. Everyone was looking and laughing. He was not made fun of to his face, but he was perfectly aware of what was going on and soon retired from play with a sort of silly grin. This kidding suggested the homosexual game, and soon everybody was playing it. This causes great laughter to both participants and spectators. Tears come to their eyes, and they roll on the ground helplessly.

754 Kar, Afok, Fokotay, Daw, Yatminj went to blow flutes. Mar and Mas decided not to go. They said they were afraid of poison. Mas offered the excuse to Kar that he had to go and wash sago, and Mar that he had to get firewood for me.

534 The gong was finished, and they have been beating it ever since. It was heard and answered at Tangwishamp. It is not as good as they had hoped. They think the slit is too long in proportion to the size of the gong, but they think it may get better as it dries. For several days they will beat it "Rumbime calling with a new gong--do you hear me"] and people at a distance who hear it will report, and its range will be established.

123 685 This afternoon someone stole a half tin of my tobacco. I made a fuss about it, and my house boys blamed me for not kicking the boys out of the house. Mar said that the house was hereafter tabooed to all except the house boys and those who wanted to talk to me. They said I would have to

Gongs

534 [796] [202] 534 332 [412] [192] Gongs, used particularly at the yam cult ceremonies, are also used for calling people and signaling. Any given person may be called on the gongs by beating the signal of his father's sib followed by that of his mother.

In making a gong, the figure head is worked first and then the body is shaped. Very little wood is taken off as a large gong is desirable. The center is chipped out with a long handled chisel (yonkwo) and the sides scraped down with a scraper (asé). The scraper is worked by two men. One standing who pulls the scraper up and down, while the other stoops holding the scraper tight against the wood. While this is being done, the gong is sounded every once in a while to determine the thickness of the planking.

533 [192] Gong rhythms (ka represents left hand intermediate beat; gadong represents low gong; gadong represents middle gong; gading represents high gong.)

nokwo Isf

ka donga ka donga

donga donga donga gading

donga donga donga gading

dong gadong gading gadong

dong gadong gading gadong

navrfnio

gadong gadong gading